

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

EMPTY IS THE DOG HOUSE

TOWSER'S POISONED.

Once I owned a yellow dog, his name was Towser Jenkins,
A butcher cut his tail off with his cleaver;
Towser had his trade mark on every cat in town,
And when he tackled one, he'd never leave 'er;
His nose was full of blisters, where the cats chewed off his whiskers,
But empty is the dog house where we ties him;
A policeman spotted Towser, put some arsenic in his grub,
Empty is the dog-house, Towser's poisoned.

CHORUS.

He's gone to hunt up rats in the happy hunting ground.
He died this morning as the sun was risin';
The fleas have all turned out, to find a new lunch route,
Empty is the dog-house, Towser's poisoned.

How that dog would grin, when he would see a tramp,
He used to put bay windows in their breeches,
His legs were wore off stumpy, chasing milk carts 'round the country.
He had bunions on his knees, from jumpin' ditches,
He'd corns upon his ribs chasin' rats around corneribs.
And when he'd catch 'em how he'd paralyze 'em:
But he got up and dusted when his chest protector busted,
Empty is the dog-house, Towser's poisoned.

CHORUS.

He's gone to hunt for liver. way up the Swanee river,
His muzzle and his collar are in pawn,
The poison made him sad, and he eat his liver pad,
Empty is the dog-house, Towser's poisoned.

A. W. AUNER'S